

Has Every Pastor

In charge of a Brethren church reported to Brother Holsinger? If not, do so at once.

One Effect of a Great Fortune

A curious comparison illustrates the tendency of a great fortune to shorten life. For example, there are three Vanderbilts in the direct line, first the old Commodore, founder of the fortune and the family, who lived to be 83 years old. His son William H. Vanderbilt died in his 65th year. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the grandson died in his 56th year. If the care of the immense family fortune continues to shorten life in this ratio, at what age will the next head of the family pass away? One would think that they might be willing to give the fatal incubus of superfluous millions away, if it would purchase for them relief from a burden which crushes out the life. What does it profit a man to gain the whole world if the weight of it crushes him. Just think of it, one man holding on to the millions which kill him, while thousands are suffering for the means of prolonging life, which these heaped up millions would purchase. Very different is the effect of the "true riches," which instead of shortening life lengthen it, even unto eternal life.

Known by Its Enemies

The Wine and Spirit News, Liquor organ, has the following to say of the Anti-Saloon league: "It is hydra headed and forked-tongued, a live, aggressive, impudent, independent, vindictive, vituperative, dangerous organization, whose members seem seldom if ever to sleep, and when they do, their dreams are plottings against the liquor business." We heartily congratulate the Anti-Saloon League. What a noble record it has, its enemy being the judge. The Bible tells us that when Satan's end draws near, he will manifest "great wrath," knowing that his time is short. What a blessing it would be to the world, what cause for joy and rejoicing, if the time of the liquor devil was short, was at an end. That time must come some day, unless righteousness yields the victory to iniquity. God hasten it, and thus bring this potent cause of the world's misery into the pit which it has dug for so many unfortunate millions.

Didn't Parade.

An intelligent Catholic writing to a New York paper expressed his great disappointment and regret that Archbishop Corrigan, the prelate who has charge of the Catholic church of New York, was not invited to participate in the parade. The Romish clergy with their gorgeous canonicals are the best equipped paraders in the world, and there

isn't anything they like better, either. Moreover, for a thousand years in the old world they have had almost a monopoly of the parading business, and it sorely pains them that this western Republic has relegated them, as a profession, to the status of other private citizens, who haven't any more right to parade than lawyers, or doctors, or preachers, or farmers. Nineteenth century democracy is not a pleasant dose to the "Eminences," and the "Holinesses," and the other chief ornaments of the hoary hierarchy whose hands in the bygone centuries were red with the blood of the saints. They have lost the "secular arm," the "spiritual arm" withered long ago, and about all they have left is fuss and feathers.

How the Good Seed Fares

The musician in Strabo was pouring forth his wonderful notes before a large audience, and apparently holding them spellbound, but when the market bell sounded, all his admirers except one left him. Turning to this solitary listener the musician complimented him on having a soul above mere merchandise, so that he was not drawn away by the market bell. "Master," said this man, "I am hard of hearing, did you say that the market bell had rung?"—"Yes."—"Then I must be off." And away went the last man, who not even for the sake of harmony would lose the chance of the market. It is thus with many a listener whose apparently earnest attention encourages the preacher to think that he is receiving the seeds of the Gospel into good ground. But when Monday comes, lo, the market, money making, barter and trade, and every absorbing thought of gain, banishes all the influence of the sermon, and the Sabbath of worship. The bells of the world ring to frivolity, ring to transgression, ring to revelry, and away men and women go after that. If men would seek for wealth as they seek for salvation, poverty would be well nigh universal, but if they sought after God as they run after vanities, all men would be saved.

Holsinger's Book

Judging from the inquiries made concerning "The History of the Tunkers," by Brother Holsinger, there is evidently some misunderstanding as to the nature of the book. There are those who seem to think that his "History of the Tunkers" and his "Autobiography" will be published in one book. This is a mistake. "The History of the Tunkers" will appear in a volume by itself, and will contain a history of the Tunkers from the first conception of the idea in the seventeenth century to the organization in the eighteenth century, and to their splendid record at the close of the nineteenth. It will treat with all candor and fairness each of the different branches of the fraternity.

It is expected to make a book of 600 pages, 4 x 6 inches.

"The 'Autobiography' will be something quite different. It will include a history of the Holsinger family from the landing of the first person of the name to the close of the nineteenth century. Brother Holsinger will not attempt any work on the 'Autobiography' until after the History has been sent to press, except collecting of data.

Now every pastor in the church can very much hasten the issue of "The History of the Tunkers" by a prompt response to the request at the head of this column. In view of the fact that Brother Holsinger's health is not very good, it becomes every member of the church, and especially every pastor, to furnish such data as may be necessary to the completion of the book. We trust there may be no farther delay in the matter, and that the information will be furnished forthwith. Brother Holsinger informs us that brother P. J. Brown has already sent in a model report of the Fair Haven church, while Brother Shively has furnished an excellent report of the Silver Creek church, Ohio, and has undertaken to secure reports for several churches in Indiana. What Brother Shively does in that line is always well done. To every pastor we say, "Go thou and do likewise."

Not Fit

"I am not fit to preach to you," said a pastor recently to his congregation, and following this announcement he left his pulpit. It turned out that he was a victim of dementia, else he would not have done so singular a thing. It is singular, because unfit pastors are not as a rule good resigners. Perhaps there are few who are fit. Paul himself exclaimed, "Who is sufficient for these things." The most exalted fitness, however, should be, and is, the sincere pastor's constant aim.

Thanksgiving and Christmas

The Sunday after Thanksgiving day will be mission day in the state of Indiana. The day before Christmas will be mission day for our National work. Both are days wisely chosen for the purpose stated. We trust these days may bring forth abundantly for both the State and National work. And why should it not? How richly the Lord has blest us in all material things; truly he has been good to us as a church and as a nation. What shall we render unto him for all his benefits? Let us come into his presence with thanksgiving and with thank offerings, and thus honor the Lord with our substance as is well pleasing in his sight.

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